OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHOICE LITERATURE PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR THE COMING RACE.

BY ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 LINDA QUANDA was one of the might-

iest fairies of the forest. Her castle, which was built of pure gold, with windows in it of the rarest and most brilliant of diamonds, was hidden beneath the noisy waves of the number of other fairies, who all of them were

servants.

Only once a year would Olinda Quanda beginning of the spring, immediately after the ice had disappeared from the water and the beautiful flowers that grew within the wide wood. Flitting over the ground, they dropped a seed here and another one there, and thus the anemones, the wood-sorrels, the woodruffs, the dogwoods and all the other beauties that grow beneath the shade of the forest folinge were brought to life.

The world had again laid off the heavy mantle of snow and ice; the dreariness of



the woodlands had already disappeared to make room for a scene of animation and a springlike aspect; the little birds had again returned to their trees from the village barns, their places of refuge from hunger in the cold and pittless winter, and Olinda Quanda was making preparations as well for her annual trip through her estate. As susual, this was a busy day for the fairies, because it was quite a laborious task to get all the seeds for the many flowers ready. But at last everything was in shape, and the flight of the fairies through the forest commenced. Olinda Quanda as the Queen, of course, led the train, and soon they were again the midst of their occupation. Suddenly, however, Olinda Quanda was startled by the sight of a sleeping young man, whose form lay across her course, under a hawthorn bush. She let out a scream of surprise, and immediately the young man opened his eyes. When he beheld the many beautiful faces of the fairies around him, and especially when he looked into the eyes of the lovely Olinda Quanda, he became bewildered at the dazzling sight before him. But when the fairy Queen main looked at the young man, whose face was very handsome, she ordered her servants to continue at their work while she remained and talked to the stranger. "How did you come into this lone wood?"

she asked the young man. Fora moment the sleeper could not find his power of speech, so much was he over-come by the sudden apparition of the beautiful Olinda Quanda. But her looks and manner made such a reassuring impression upon him that he felt she was well deserving of his confidence. "I am a very unfortunate young man," he at last burst forth, "because I have lost my bride, a young maiden as beautiful as you are. I am disconsolate, because I do not know how I shall ever be able to recover her." "Will you not tell me how you lost her, may be I can help you to find her?" said the fairy. "My power is great, and I have many servants at my command.

"Well," replied the young man, "I will tell you, though I do not see how you can help me. I am the Prince of a great king-dom. The lands of my father, the King, are many, and his soldiers and generals number hundreds of thousands. My mother,



The Prince and His Bride Meet the Witch, however, died many years ago and my father has since brought another Queen to our court, a woman who is as wicked as she is beautiful, and as proud and haughty as she is without a heart or affection. From the moment she entered our castle she showed a great dislike to me. Of course, knowing that my father was very fond of me, she never gave any open evidence of her hatred toward me, but she never omitted to harm me secretly. I must also sorceress, and she is so clever in her devilish arts that my father is completely under her control, and it would be hard for anyone to

last my father told me secretly that he had no objection. That was all I wanted. The next day I went to Amalda's home, married her and started on my way back to my

"We had already traveled over three-"We had already traveled over threefourths of our journey, when one day we
had to hait in a deep wood, because Amalda
was very tired and hungry from the exertions of the journey. While we were restit.g under a tree and I was contemplating
what to do to get some food—I had sent our
servants already to the nearest town to purchase something—an old and ugly woman
came hobbling along the path on a stick.
When she saw us she approached and look-When she saw us she approached and looking very sharp at Amalda she said:
"Well, my pretty little dove, what ails

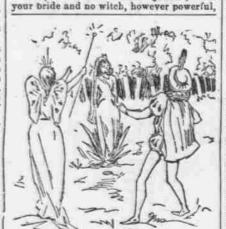
Before I could speak and tell the old stream. Here, underneath the water's surface, Olinda Quanda lived among a large es, who all of them were

"Now I did not trust the old woman, and I hesitated for a moment, but when I looked and her servants leave the golden castle beneath the forest stream, and that was in the beginning of the spring, immediately after the ice had disappeared from the water and the ice had disappeared from the water and the snow had been driven from the ground and the trees by the warm rays of the sun. That was a very busy time for the fairies, because they left their house for a very important purpose. In short they went throughout the vast area of Olinda Quanda's dominion to plant the seeds for all the beautiful flowers that grew within the form shriveled together. Everything before me disappeared—witch, cabin, Amalda and all—and when I looked around again I saw nothing else except a turnip. Of course you can imagine my rage and anger. I was nearly frantic. I was about to grind that turnip into the ground with my heel when a sudden thought prompted me to pick it up and take it with me as a memento of my lost Amalda. I ran away from the place distressed and I have since been hunting all over the world to find a trace of my bride, of the witch or of the cabin, but all in vain. Now you know my story, can you help me, do you think?"

"Have you still got that turnip?" asked Olinda Quanda. "Yes, here it is," replied the Prince, "tak-

"Well, then dig a hole right here and plant the turnip," the fairy commanded the young man, who mechanically obeyed. Then, after he had covered it up with earth, Olinda Quanda stooped down over the place where the turnip was buried and blew at the spot. Immediately the ground began to move, then it opened up, and—within a few seconds a form grew up from the ground which resembled in every particular the shape of a woman. More and more it grew, and before very long a lady as beautiful as the fairy herself stood before the astonished young Prince.
"Is it possible!" he cried, "here is my

Amalda, my beautiful bride brought to life aguin "Yes," now said Olinda Quands, "it is



The Bewitched Bride Restored. will be able to ever harm her again. But I know who was the witch you met in the 'Who was she?" eagerly asked the

"It is your stepmother. But you hurry home and she will not escape from punish-The Prince and Amalda departed, thanking the kind fairy over and over again for

what she had done. When the two arrived at the house of the Prince, the stepmother stood at the castle gate, but no sooner did she see and recognize Amalda when she fell down dead.

The Little French Rope Walker.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. bats traveled through Europe and made their living by giving entertainments in the

villages through which they passed.

They did not perform in theaters or opera houses because there were none in the ham-lets of France and Germany in those days. No, this family of acrobats performed in the market place or on the open green, and stretched their long rope from the ground to

the top of the tallest steeple. All the members of the family were serobats, and their parents before them had been acrobats, too, journeying from one village to another, and buying their bread with the pennies and sixpences that the country peo-ple threw into the father's hat. I said that all the members of the family were acrobats, but I had forgotten little Henri, who was only 4 years old, and too young, therefore, to do his share in amusing the public. So lit-tle Henri went about with his father and mother and sister and big brother, and slept in the wagon at night and played with the big dog or toddled about the village green while his elders were dancing on the long rope. It was his sister Jeanne who took care of him, washed and dressed him in the morning, put him to bed at night, and taught him to say his prayers before he went to sleep. She was a kind, good girl, and little Henri loved her more than anyone in the world, and when he saw her take her

One day they stopped in a beautiful old-fashioned village on the banks of the Rhine. They stretched their long rope from the ground to the top of the steeple and Jeanne took her pole in her hand, bowed and smiled to the people and danced lightly and gracefully up toward the top. And little Henri, standing on the ground with his father's cane in his chubby hands watched her with as much delight as if he had never tell you that she is a great witch and seen her do it be ore. But when she had gone about half the distance a gust of wind he is so weak he cannot raise his arm to his

shook the rope; she tumbled, almost lost head; he has no appetite and doesn't like to prove to my tather how bad his wite'is."

"It so happened, however, that I tell in love with the Princess Amaida, the daughter of the King who reigns in the country next to my father's dominion. Now Amaida was renowned the world over for her used unled beauty and the great charm of her lovable disposition. When my stepmother heard, therefore, that I proposed to bring Amaida to our castle as the future Queen, she at once attempted to persuade my ather not to sanction the marriage. It is not necessary for me to say that she succeeded, but she never expected that I would form an important obstacle. When I was told that I must not marry Amaida I swore that I would do so in spite of everything, and at shook the rope; she tumbled, almost lost | head; he has no appetite and doesn't like to

Years afterward this same little boy attretened a rope across Niagara Falls and walked across it as easily as if it had been a barn floor, and then the whole world resounded with the fame of Blondin. And Some Curious and Remarkable Facts one day, after he had performed in Paris in the presence of thousands of people, he sat in his tent and told me the story of how he had run up the long rope to save his sister.

Little Boy Blue.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]
Little Boy Bine, go blow your horn,
The wind is caroling through the corn, The sun is climbing his meadow of blue And drinking his early cup of dew; Little Boy Blue, the sheep and cows Have strayed in the fields for a royal browse Blow, till your lungs are full and free As the wide world's morning minstrelsy. Little Boy Blue, when the leaves are dead, And summer her plumage green has shed, The wind will carol another tune. The sky will bave lost the blue of June,



But the boy whose heart is as strong and true As when the summer was gay and new Will face without faltering or fear The changes of life with the changing year. Little Boy Blue, when the heart and brain Are weary of strife and straingle and strain,
The ear will listen again for the tune
Of the drowsing music of youth and June;
Little Boy Blue, the wandering sheep
Homeward come in the fold to sleep;
After the day world's cares and joys,
Home is the safest place for boys.

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

Little Women's Pens and Pencils

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH." Jules Goodman, the artist, and his wife, who writes as well as he designs, are well-known people in the world of letters and art. What child who loves a good old-fashioned circus, with the daisies growing all about the fresh-made ring and the grass carpeting the ground over which tiers of seats have grown like Aladdin's palace, does not delight in such stories as that which the Goodmans made with pen and pencil a week or two since in

with pen and peneil a week or two since in Harper's Weekly, a story of the old-fashioned county circus in all its glory.

These talented folks have a little girl who already, at the age of 7, makes pictures of people, and good pictures too. Not long ago she sat down in her mother's parlor, while her parents were talking to a friend of theirs, and drew on a sheet of white pa-

'my der mr florence:

i thank you very much for your book. i read one of your stories—i like it very much i am go-ing to see the rivals—i hope to see you again yours gladys goodman." Gladys may make a famous artist after a while. She draws much better than she writes. Her friend is William J. Florence,

White House before Mrs. Harrison went | death), as he himself tells us. Mahomet, there, was a little girl, named Frances Fol-som, she wrote a little story called "Little som, she wrote a little story called Moll," of which this was the plot:

the arrest of criminals and their daily pun-ishment are hour by hour reported by him. Stories of crime black and foul as were ever written are unrolled before him, until his belief in human nature nearly perishes. But his faith is preserved through meeting a poor news girl who comes and goes daily to the office for copies of the journal on which he serves. The sequel can be imag-ined. The reporter, steeped as he is in visions of the world's iniquity, and in daily danger of his lite (since he had incurred the enmity of the criminal classes), has his life saved by "Moll." In return he places her at school, and ultimately marries her, after which he leads a life of happiness. How many little girls can draw pictures and write stories if they will only try?

A Cigarette Smoker.

TWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1 Just two weeks ago yesterday a New York boy named John Barry was taken away from home in a queer wagon that rang a bell A great many years ago-more than half as it rumbled along over the rough streets. a century in fact-a family of French acro- The bell warned everybody to keep out of the way. A man sat in the wagon under the bell and held John Barry's arms. The Nor plated shield, nor tempered casque deboy didn't know where he was. The queer wagon was an ambulance hurrying John to Bellevue Hospital to see if the doctors there could cure him. He was in a bad way. The horse cars, trucks, carriages, wagons and drays got off the road when their own-



up the long rope toward the top of the steeple while the people looked on and clapped their hands, he thought there was no one in the world as lovely and charming as his sister Jeanne.

One day they stopped in the control of the steeple while the people looked on and saw that somebody's lad was in trouble there. They didn't know what was the matter with John. Nobody knew until the hospital dectors took him in hand.

John's father is Lagnard I. Berner in Lagnard I. Be lice officer in Leonard street. Mr. Barry was much grieved to see his son go away in this strange fashion. But he did not try to punish or arrest the men in the ambulance. He wanted John to go to the hospital. The reason why a good, kind ather felt that way about John was this: The boy smoked five packages of cigarettes a day. When he got to the hospital the doctors said: "His heart beats weak and low; his eyes are dull; he can see nothing;

Some Curious and Remarkable Facts

KING ARTHUR'S FAMOUS BLADE,

About the Sword.

Swords That Form the Theme for Poem and Legend.

SYMBOL OF WAR, POWER AND JUSTICE

IWEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ! The sword is the oldest weapon mentioned in history, and it has held its place even to these days of dynamite and electricity. It has a prominent place in literature, and figures largely in legend, song and mythology. It is mentioned in the third chapter of Genesis, where we are told that the Lord placed "a flaming sword which turned every way to guard the tree of life," in the Garden of Eden. The same thing is said in the Chaldean account of the Genesis. This sword is not in the hands of the cherubim, but turns of its own accord—the first of many legendary swords which cut without mortal aid, This flaming sword is, in the Vedic accounts of the Creation, from which the Hebrews borrowed it, "a sinuous darting flame." The sword is thus early likened to fire, and it is, in fact, coupled with it in the well-known phrase to devastate "with fire and sword." Pythagoras had a favorite saying, "Poke not fire with a sword," meaning not to irritate an angry man with sharp words. Mil-ton equips the host of fallen angels with flaming swords-

Out flew Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs Of mighty Cherubim: the sudden blaze Far round illumined hell.

All through antiquity and the middle ages the sword held its place as a weapon, crowded a little by the spear and the bow. The advent of gunpowder destroyed its supremacy, and since that it has become the symbolical staff of authority, sacred to the

Such iconoclasts as General Gordon, who carried a cane into action, even deny the usefulness of the sword as a soldier com-peller. So long has it had sway, however, that cavalry men and men-of-war's men are still encumbered with it in spite of breechloaders and machine guns.

As an ornament the sword has had a his-

tory equally interesting. No gentleman, in what may be called the dueling age, was well dressed without one, and survivals on this custom still exist in Europe, where officers' swords impede their dancing steps much as do their spurs the movements of other revelers. Laws have been enacted prescribing the wearing or the laying saide of swords, their lengths and shapes have been matters of fashion and even a national characteristic. To the same age may be referred the origin of the saying "to measure swords with one," since duelists gauged the lengths of their weapons with exactness. Special makes of swords became famous Damascus, Toledo and Bilboa being particularly noted for their makes. As a matter of course, parof theirs, and drew on a sheet of white paper a likeness of their friend which was so true it seemed to speak! She sent it to him in a letter and he sent her a book in return.

This is her letter:

WEDNESDAY.

WEDNESDAY. contain many weapons with jewel-studded hilts and scabbards, and blades inlaid with gold. Stowe says the finest gallant in Elizabeth's time was he who wore "the deepest ruff and the longest sword."

SOME FAMOUS SWORDS. Many swords have been "famous in rone popular actor, who plays with Mr. mance and in legends, and these have usually possessed high-sounding names. When Mrs. Cleveland, who lived in the Cæsar's was named "Crocca Mors" (yellow whose followers preached their faith by the eage of the sword, had swords with such Moll," of which this was the plot:

A young writer on a famous New York paper has to write every day in the criminal courts. The ferreting out of crime and (the keen). The last two were confiscated from the Jews when they were exiled from Medina. The great Charlemagne possessed two celebrated swords-"Joyense" and "Flamberge," William (Short nose) had one named the same as the first, which be-

came in some sort a kind, of generic title for the sword. The last-named was made by a famous swordmaker of the middle ages, Galas, who shared his fame with two others. Munifican and Ansias, each of whom fabricated three swords, taking three long years to make each one. The same name was given to the sword of Malagigi, the hero of an old romance, who took it from a Saracen Admiral at a certain siege. Two famous horoes of the North had similarly named swords. These were Haco I of Norway and Thorald the Strong.

Quern-biter of Haken the good Wherewith at a stroke he hewed The millstone through and through,

Quern-biter means "foot-breadth," a peculiar name for sword.

This keen blade was surpassed by other celebrated swords. "Durindante," the property of Orlando, the samous hero of chivalry, could cut through the Pyreenees at a blow. It was said to have belonged to Hector, whose sword is irequently mentioned in the lliad:

Where Durandanda's trenchant edge descends. Another hero of the same romance, Rogero, was the possessor of "Balisards," which could also cut through enchanted

substances. But these were all surpassed by the blude of Doolin of Mayence, "Merveillense" (wonderful), which, when placed edge downward, would cut through a block of wood by its own weight.

Perhaps the most famous sword of the "age of swords" was the well-known "Es-calibar," "Excalibur" or "Calibum" of King Arthur. It was found, after the death of Uther Pendragon, sticking in a stone and carved, with this inscription: "He who can iraw forth this sword, the same is to be King." Arthur was the only one able to do this. There is a similar enchanted sword in the romance of Amadis de Gaul. Whoever should be able to draw this from the rock in which it stuck would gain access to a great underground treasure.

KING ARTHUR'S WEAPON. There seems to have been two swords named Excalibur. The one spoken of was so bright "that it gave light like 30 torches." The other Excalibur came from the "Lady of the Lake." Merlin took Arthur to the lake, where an arm appeared "clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in the hand." When about to die King Arthur had this sword thrown into the lake again, when the same hand appeared, took the sword, and drew it into the lake. Even its scabbard was wonderful. The wearer would lose no blood while the scabbard was upon him, although he should receive many wounds. Upon the blade was written:

Ich am phote excalibore, Unto a King fair treasure (In Inglis is this writing)

Kene steel, and gree, and althing.

Another Arthurian hero, Launcelot, was the owner of "Aroundlight," a famous blade. Speaking of a certain blade Longfellow says:

what matter if it be not bright, Joyeuse, Calada, Durindale Excalibar, or Aroundlight? "Colada" was the sword of that famous Castilian hero, the Cid. It had two handles

of solid gold. Other famous swords were "Tranchera" (cutler), belouging to Brandimarti; Closamonte's "Hauteclaire," Oliver's "Hauteclaire," and Otuels "Corrouge," in Italy; "Chrysair," possessed by Artegal, and "Sanglamore," the property of Braggadocio, both Spenserian kaights of renown. Sir Bevis of Hampton fought with "Alorglay," Dietrich of Berne with "Nagelring," and Ogie, the Dane, with "Courtaine" and "Sauragine," both made by one of the three great sword makers named above. "Schrit" was Bierols's trusty blade; "Sacho" was famous swords were "Tranchera"

wielded by Eck; "Blutgang" by Heine, while Irving possessed "resistless Weske, that sharp and peerless blade," and Bildebrand fought with "Brinnig." To these heroic knights of Teutonic romance should be added the Greek hero, Siatram, who was the owner of the blade "Weltung," and strong the arm who wielded "Babtism," "Florence" and "Grabau."

Of this long list of famous weapons, but two are said to be in existence—"Colada" and "Durandaus."

Every museum is however, the possessor

and "Durandaus."

Every museum is, however, the possessor of one or more blades that were in their day more or less renowned. Many of these are gorgeous presentation swords, for in this shape was it customary to testify appreciation of a military chieftain. In one of the English collections is the celebrated two-handed sword of the Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace, which an ordinary man can scarcely wield. These long blades were, as Scott tells as worn at the back, and as Scott tells us, worn at the back, and drawn from the scabbard overthe teit shoulder—a most unique manner of bearing arms. Usually, the sword has been slung to a belion the left side. The Japanese who had the distinction of the left side.

distinction of wearing two or more swords, these indicating the rank of the wearer, were them stuck in a sash or belt, on both

THE SWORD AS A SYMBOL. In its present status, as an emblem of military authority, the sword is older than the scepter or the crown. It was for centuries a custom for kings to have their sword-bearers, both as a defense and to exhibit this symbol of power, and such a custom is still in vogue in many Eastern lands. The Kings of England from the time of Edward the Confessor, were accustomed to have a blunt sword borne in the coronation procession, as an emblem of mercy. This procession, as an emblem of mercy. This sword was, curiously enough, called "curtana" (the cutter). Flaming swords, ir those with a wavy edge, were worn by the Dukes of Burgundy as emblens of author-

The sword also became the emblem of jus-tice, on which oaths were sworn. This cus-tom prevailed during and after the crusades. The guard of a plain sword was a simple bar between the blade and handle, and this forming a cross was used by the Knights for the crusades. for the purpose of binding oaths. Sliakes-peare speaks of it. Hamlet says to Horatio: "Never to speak of this that you have seen, Swear by my sword." And Leonato, in "Winter's Tale:"

Swear by this sword Thou wilt perform by bidding. Sometimes the sword had the name of

Sometimes the sword had the name of Jesus engraved upon the handle, by reason of this custom of swearing by it.

In tolk lore the sword is frequently given magic powers, freeing the hero from great perils, and frequently acting for itself. In the Hindoo Katha Sarit Sagara, a sword goes forth at the owner's wish, and conquers all enemies, even demoniacal ones. In a folk tale the sword Kreischinger performs similar feats at the bidding of its possessor. In another, a dwarf gives Hans a sword similar feats at the bidding of its possessor. In another, a dwarf gives Hans a sword which is so small that it can be carried in the pocket, but, like the ship Skidblander, it grows, and cuts down all who oppose it. In the old "Girla Saga," a sword named Graystele figures. It is forged by dwarfs, the iabled swordmakers of the middle ages, and cuts through steel with ease. The sword Dharmi, the property of an Arthurian chief, was forged out of a thunder bolt that had fallen and killed some animals.

The old astrologers and alchemists made

The old astrologers and alchemists made use of a "magic sword" in some of their in-

A SYNONYM FOR WAR. The sword has entered largely into figurative language. Many expressions containing the name of the weapon are in common use, and some of them are very old. The Bible contains a great number of them, Bible contains a great number of them, the sword being almost the synonym for war to the Jews. "He smote them with the edge of the sword," is frequently used, and "to put to the sword" meant indiscriminate slaughter. An expression in Revelations, "Out of His mouth went a two-edged sword," referring to the Savior's power to condemn and then to the Savior's power to condemn and ther to save, has given us a phrase. "Your tongue is a double-edged sword" cuts both ways. Symbolical of peace is the saying to "beat the sword into a plowshare." It would, however, need to be either a very large sword or a very small plowshare. "He that lives by the sword shall perish by the sword," is a saying by no means true. More of those who get their living by the sword die of disease than by violence. Shakespeare uses, in "Heary IV.," a cu-rious term with regard to the sword:

Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou Thy maiden sword. A young soldier was said to flesh his sword the first time he drew blood with it. Many an officer's sword goes now un fleshed.

Pistol says, in "Merry Wives": Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open. Another saying of Shakespeare's with regard to the sword still puzzles the commentators. It is in "Coriolanus":

Here I clip The anvil of my sword, May it not have been "handle?" Some commentators also think there is an allusion in the lines from "Antony and Cleopatra":

He, at Philippi, kept His sword e'en like a dance There- were many varieties of these

dances, which are popular even to this day among the Highlanders. They seem, according to Scott, to have in-herited it from the Norsemen. Olaus Magnus tells me that the youth among them danced this among "naked swords and dangerous weapons." Scott gives a long poem in dialogue form, used by the Shetlanders, who still keep up the custom. Certain characters were represented, and the dancers leaped over the swords, clashed them together, and manipulated them other-

In former times, when men lived by the sword, great achievements with it, were re-ported. Several of the knights of romance are said to have cut a man cleverly in two pieces, and like Sir Beirs of Hampton:

To that burgess a stroke he sent, Through helm and hauberts down it went, Both man and herse, on that stound, He cleaved it down to the ground. King Arthur cut a giant 15 feet high (they were abundant in those days) so that half of him fell on either side of his horse. Wayland, the smith, made "Balmung" or the Nibelungen hero, Siegfried. In a trial of skill, the maker clove Amilias to the waist, but so fine was the edge that the victim was not aware of the fact until he moved, when he fell asunder.

F. S. BASSETT. TREY DON'T CATCH ON. A Yale Student Couldn't Make the English Understand Slang.

A Yale student returning from abroad is disgusted with the slow appreciation of the English people. He says that on the trip home he had occasion to make use of the phrase "in the soup." As it was new to

New Haven Palladium.]

THE ACTOR'S HOODOO. THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

of the Profession.

SAM VILLA'S SCHEDULE OF FATE.

The Sad Result of Meeting Three Yellow Dogs.

A BAND COMPOSED OF BASS DRUMMERS

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. In a profession noted for its superstitions man or woman must have an unusual regard for the different omens consequent upon good or ill fortune to attract attention and such a man is Sam Villa. According to his schedule Monday is the only day upon which an enterprise should be commenced, Tuesday means doubt, Wednesday continuous annoyance, Thursday sure failure, Friday very bad luck, Saturday, disappointment, while any business performed on Sunday is a dire failure from the start. To pass beneath a ladder gives him a fit of blues. Three lights burning at once in a dressing room is sure death to some member of the company or their relatives. To ring the curtain bell at re, hearsal means a bad house at night. As the first thing a novice always does while waiting around the stage is to fool with the bell, Sam always places it out of harm's way before starting. upon which an enterprise should be com-

way before starting.

A cross-eyed man, or a woman or any person of either sex with a complimentary ticket must not be allowed to enter the thester until a paid ticket presented by a man known him to stand at a thester door and hold back a large party of ladies until a man had passed inside. Should a woman pass into the house first, the business would be "Jonahed" for the night.

THE YELLOW DOG HOODOO. While on an errand of any kind should a

While on an errand of any kind should a yellow dog pass in front of him, he would abandon his visit or return to the starting point and proceed by another route. To see a cross-eyed person looking at you is sure disappointment. The more the eyes are crossed the greater the disappointment. While to be connected in any way with number 13 gives him an attack of chills and fever. He is always on the lookout for some bad

omen, and can find more cross-eyed people and more yellow dogs in a given space of time than any other human being on earth. His whole live is rendered wretched by his superstitions. One of the best hearted fel-

superstitions. One of the best hearted fellows living, he drives away all his friends by his constant irritability.

In the olden time he always carried a band, and every actor was supposed to play an instrument. One season the entire company had been engaged through an advertisement in the Clipper, and all arrangements concluded by mail, but apparently everything was satisfactory. While on the way to the depot to meet his incoming company

THREE YELLOW DOGS passed in front of him. Sam saw them all, passed in front of him.
and when he reached the station he was in and when he reached the station he was in use of a "magic sword" in some of their incantations. This was a plain, double-edged rapier, with a steel blade and ivory handle, dipped in the blood of a male goose. It must be prepared on the day and hour when the train arrived he Mercury is in the ascendant, from the first to the third hour of the night. Three commenders were all good-looking and well-Mercury is in the ascendant, from the first to the third hour of the night. Three common masses were then said over it, and on the handle certain characters were inscribed with a needle made for the purpose. This sword was used to call up certain spirits, and then to keep them at a proper distance from the operator.

As a suicidal weapon the sword has had its day. The example of Brutus and Cato did not prove to be contagious, and more effectual means of ending life are usually at hand.

Mercury is in the ascendant, from the first to the third hour of the numbers were all good-looking and well-dressed. He proudly conducted them to the hotel, he tried to throw off his presentiments, but the yellow dogs were ever before his mind. After dinner a rehearsal of the band was called to arrange the different instruments, when, to Sam's horror, out of his eight men six declared that their musical abilities were confined to a knowledge of the bass drum, "There," the disappointed manager declared to his wife, "I knew something was going to happen when I saw those yellow

The next season the Villa letters to applicants for positions bore in bold, black-faced type the legend:
"P. S.-We have a bass drummer

HE WANTED THE RECIPE. Actor Sothern Neatly Rebukes an Individual With Remarkable Nerve.

New York Sun.] They are telling a story about E. H. Sothern. He was coming up town in a car a few moments ago, and, upon entering, found the car full, though one man took more than his share by stretching his feet out along the seat. Sothern held on to the strap and bore this for a while, but when two ladies entered and were obliged to stand his patience gave out. Then leaning over the diffused man he said in a clear, loud voice, but with elaborate courtesy, and with his most honest and innocent Dundreary stammer.

"E-excuse m-me, sir. for a-addressing you b-but I'm very anxious to l-learn w-what nerve tonic you take?"

A grin spread over the face of the passengers; the man got red, opened and shut his mouth two or three times, and then bounced up and left the car, upon which the actor and the two ladies sat down, and Sothern

gazed pensively out of the window. THE TYPICAL DEMOCRAT.

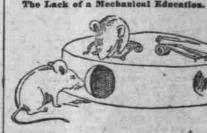
A St. Louis Philosopher Thinks a Girl of 16 the Best Example. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The girl of sixteen, I think, is the typical Democrat all over the world. When I was going to school I used to wonder why it was that all the pretty girls showed favor to the bad boys and gave the cold shoulder to the best ones. I couldn't understand it, and I never did until long after I had left school and gone out into the world. Then I began to see that the girls were the best judges, the all It was not that the field liked. after all. It was not that the girls liked

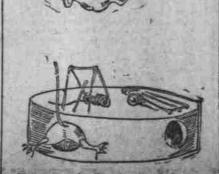
the bad boys.

It was that they liked those of force of character, manliness and aggresof character, manliness and aggressiveness, and were not attracted to the milk-sops who called the other crowd bad. When they get older, unfortunately, there is a change, but up to this age of sixteen the girl is a Democrat of the most unerring in-

The Lack of a Mechanical Education.



Jimmy-I'll sit here and keep watch while you go in, and if anybody comes I'll rattle this piece of wire.



A Few of the Prevailing Superstitions A Collection of Enigmatical Nots for

Home Cracking. to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lenciston, Maine,

313-WHAT BOOKS ARE ON THE TABLE?



Once upon a time, so I've heard say,
An awkward woman was taking her way
Through forests shady and meadows green,
Where daisies and lilies were often seen.
When a rural god, residing nearby,
This woman ungraceful, happened to app,
Like many another, in love he fell,
For what earthly reason no mortal can tell;
His suit so earnest, no denial would take,
Such passion as his through all bars will
break.
At last she cossession. 814-ALMOST A WEDDING.

weather. He made them first their hands join to

He made them first their hands join together:
When, strange to relate, like lightning flash.
The punishment came for an action so rash—
They both disappeared, and now on the spot.
Was only a pudding all steaming and hot.
The parson surprised such wonders to see,
Chagrined, indeed, at losing his fee.
But delicious steam his nostrils inflated,
Tempting his appetite now to be sated;
The pudding he found was made up in slices
Of apple and bread with plenty of spices;
And that day, at least, it could not be said
That praying and fasting he went to his bed.
M. C. WOODFORD.

815-A WORD OF MANY ABBREVIATIONS In using words 'tis oft convenient found.
To name a long one by a single sound;
And lest our words should be in length profus
Abbreviations have their proper use.
But can you find a word whose form complet.
Is five syllabic tones you often meet,
Each one of which, next from all the rest five syllabic tones you often meet, ach one of which, apart from all the rest,

A given name of man or boy: a State; A hazing, pompous undergraduate;
An island next; another State the last;
These five are with abbreviations classed.
And when in order these are all combined,
How good a thought they bring before t
mind!
"Tis "cool," or "calm," or "temperate," "wish."
With you, my friends, I leave this exercise.
MEDIUS.

816-DIVERSELY READ. Take one of a certain religious sect, In business said to be second; When the two are combined in a union pact You've a musical instrument reckoned. W. WILSON

817-THE DRUMMER'S PRICE-MARK. Stated in Long Division. FYM FYM

> TWO-FORTT. 818-DECAPITATIONS.

My colors stand for State, or clique, or cre
For I am called "an ensign" false or true.
Remove my head, a wombril, by the way,
I like the deed so weli, "again" I say,
Then take another head, 'twill oring no tear,
For stoic "negative" is now my sphere.
Once more to skillful surgery resort,
And I am one of the "adhering" sort.
Again decapitate me and 'tis pizin
That I'm a "liquid" found in sober Maine.

MEDIUM 819-METAGRAM. What we all wish to do who obey nature's Or, if not, then transpose me, and find out the

cause; recknoed a curse, but transposed I'm no better.
Though I'm part of a church, if you drop the first letter Transpose, I'm a priest that once flourished in Shiloh: Shilob;
Mix again, and you'll find me as false as Delilah,
Behead and curtail, and I stand all slone,
So I'll bid you good-bye till the answer be
shown.
S. Moorr.

820-HALF SQUARE. 1. Devilish. 2. Unmarried persons. 3. A ro-dent mammal inhabiting South America. 4. Arab princes. 5. Sattpeter. 6. The principal godices worshiped by the Egyptians. 7. Centu [Abbr.] 8. A Roman weight of twelve ounces. 2. A letter. 821-DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA

822-REBUS.

One hundred and fifty-seven, ANSWERS.

Fall many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
all many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."
SES—Fourteenth (the fortune).
SIO—Men-age-rie. e-rie.
OCCUPIER
MACERATE
I DIOTISM
LENTANDO
EMPYREAL

STATESMEN WITH THICK NECKS.

renally Large Collars Worn by Lead ing English Politicians. The collars of leading Englishmen form the subject of study chosen by a London journalist, says a writer in the Boston Transcript. Mr. Gladstone by common consent is admisted to wear the grand collar in England. It is a "19," and has peaks so pronounced, so high, rising three and one-half inches from the hand, that the tradition is that the great statesman lets himself down behind them to enjoy a nap undisturbed and undetected, or to conceal

his emotions when attacked or preparing an No one over dared draw Mr. Gladstone No one over dared draw Mr. Gladstone's collars until a young man on Punch's staff depicted them in their true proportions and immediately found himself famous. Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, goes by the sobriquet of "collars and cuffs." He wears what is known as a "jam pot" collar, a junnel of stiff linen with no space, very suggestive of a formal sore throat. Verson liarcourt wears a turn-down 19; the Speaker, a 17, and John Morley, a 16. Lord Randy's collars give his heat the appearance of a head borne on a charger.

It is noticeable that the leading English public men take large collars. Perhaps this is an indication of the large physical constitution which keeps Englishmen strong in power long after the time when American politicians have been placed per force on the retired list. The English leaders are mostly of that big necked, bulbous-headed type which, according to Dr. Holmes, "steams" well.





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